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She received no response, and went on again—"Does not Benjamin again and again entreat you to tell him what to do! What more can you ask?"

The apprehension and capability that do not require to be taught—when we must tell our friend the way to please us, we are indeed put to a sad extremity.

When Benjamin had left the house, the two women sat a good while without speaking—Aunt Dorcas rocking to and fro, and Winifred combing her long hair with her fingers, like one who is half crazed.

"My child," said the old woman, at last, and speaking in tones softer and more subdued than was her custom—"I think I understand how it is with you: your heart does not sanction your judgment, and the will of your father."

Winifred pushed her hair from her eyes, and bent forward, eagerly—she was not quite sure that she had heard aright.

"Well," continued Aunt Dorcas, "there is no accounting for the election and reprobation of the heart—that is certain."

Her chair was quite still now, and her gray head nodding in confirmation of what she had said.

Winifred did not speak, lest she should break up the ground of sympathy, upon which they seemed by accident, as it were, to have fallen.

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," ejaculated Aunt Dorcas, presently; and, as if in continuance of some secret train of meditation, "blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Perhaps," mused Winifred, "she has herself loved some one at some time; and the smile that is brightening her withered face reaches away back to some moonlight night of summer, when, under the soft confusions of the leaves she listened to softer whispers—when no shadow lay between promise and fulfilment, and only a little piece of starry sky was between her and heaven."

In confirmation of this fancy, Aunt Dorcas just then took up one withered hand in the other, and, backward and forward, along the wrinkled finger that would scarcely hold it on any more, slipped the thin and almost worn-out ring.

By degrees, a soothing and soft atmosphere filled all the room, and with no sound disturbing the silence louder than

the chirp of a cricket, or the ticking of the clock, the hours went and came—the two women scarcely glancing at one another—perhaps hardly aware of each other's presence—both away in those visionary fields into which the soul sometimes wanders, forgetful of the dust and noise of the common world.

It was not often that peace brooded so sweetly over the hearthstone by which they sat—the time was felt to be precious, and the embers were dead, and the ashes about them cold, before they separated for the night.

[To be concluded in next No.]

THE MIND'S POSSESSIONS.

By Phebe Cary.

THERE is no comfort in the world
But I, in thought, have known,
No bliss for any human heart
I cannot dream my own;
And fancied joys may often be
More real than reality.

I have a house in which to live,
Not grand, but very good,
A hearth-fire always warm and bright,
A board with daintiest food;
And I, when tired with care or doubt,
Go in and shut my sorrows out.

I have a father, one whose thought
Goes with me when I roam;
A mother, watching in some door
To see her child come home;
And sisters, in whose dear eyes shine
Such fondness, looking into mine.

I have a friend, who sees in me
What none beside can see,
Who, looking kindly on me, says,
"Dear, you are dear to me!"
A friend, whose smile is never dim,
And I can never change to him.

My boys are very gentle boys,
And when I see them grown,
They're truer, braver, nobler men
Than any I have known;
And all my girls are fair and good,
From infancy to womanhood.

So, with few blessings men can see,
Or I, myself, could name,
Home, love, and all that love can bring,
My mind has power to claim;
And life can never cease to be
A good and pleasant thing to me.

Now let me liken this "great miracle":—

The Soul's deep sea, stirred by Emotion's storms,
Is ploughed by thoughts whose grand proportions tell,
Like some Great Eastern, on the ages' forms,
And bear upon their breath the power to make
Kings, princes, peoples, a new life to take.

O. J. V.

THREE SKETCHES FROM THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

By John Esten Cooke

I.

GREENWAY COURT.

FOR the traveller, lie open two distinct and breathing worlds: the world of the Present and the world of the Past.

The lovers of the Present find their chief enjoyment in visiting great cities, or splendid libraries and famous galleries of pictures, in the pageantry and grandeur of imperial palaces and world renowned "objects of interest." The devotees of the Past would rather linger on the spot where great men fought for a great cause—dream away silent hours in the old house which sheltered the head of a hero—would rather hear the eloquent and noble voices of another age, though only in the imagination, than listen to the loudest utterances of the Present.

In Virginia, there are many spots curiously connected with our history, filled for him who possesses this secret with the deepest interest. They do not obtrude themselves, however; they seem to retire, as it were, beneath the boughs of the forest, dreading, like Hamlet, to be "too much i' the sun." The explorer must carefully seek them, but once found, they reward the student or the dreamer with what noble and suggestive pictures of the fruitful Past! Every stone is a memorial, every timber supports a legend. Could these old walls speak, they would tell us what the fathers of the Republic said and did—we would live again in the great days of those almost unknown ages, the ages of the Revolution and the Colonial regime.

Not far from the spot whence I send you these hasty lines, lived a man who exerted a marked influence upon the destiny of George Washington, and thus upon the fate of North America. I refer to "Greenway Court," the former residence of Thomas Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron. It is an old house, with a long verandah, dormer windows, and low chimneys. Upon the roof are perched two belfries, which once contained bells, I believe, but for what purpose cannot now be easily discovered. Perhaps they were used to assemble the numerous retainers

of his Lordship to their meals, or for other purposes; but the most probable suggestion is, that Lord Fairfax placed them there to aid in giving the alarm when "Kill Buck," "King Crane," or other barbarous neighbor, led his Delawares or Tuscaroras in a foray against the border. Not far from the main dwelling is a small stone cabin, in which Fairfax made out title deeds to all the surrounding country, and where he always slept, sentinelled by his great deer and fox hounds.

Now, who was Lord Fairfax? I am inclined to think that this question has more than once suggested itself to the students of our Revolutionary epoch, and perhaps the reply has been difficult. For, in America, we labor under a serious disadvantage in exploring our Past. We have no great museum of historic records, as in England—no carefully collected MSS., such as Lord Macaulay could command—the student is at sea, without a compass, almost, and must painfully collect from a hundred obscure and scattered sources, the particulars which are indispensable to his labors. The following details, relating to the Earl of Fairfax, are derived from a number of authorities, some of them from tradition. Brief as they are, they may prove of interest to students of the period.

Fairfax was a near relative of the rash and eccentric but brave General Tom Fairfax, of the armies of Cromwell. General Tom, his grandfather predicted, would ruin his family—which he did, in one sense of the word, as he alienated the patrimonial acres of "Denton," in Yorkshire, to supply the money for consummating a noble alliance. But his memory was not charged with the death of Charles I. He was absent; and when his name was called among the rest, there was a deep silence. In the midst of this silence, however, was suddenly heard the voice of a woman from the gallery. "Cromwell, thou art a traitor!" cried the voice of Lady Fairfax, "the General has too much wit to be here!" The Lord Fairfax, of "Greenway Court," was, I believe, the grand nephew of the General of the commonwealth forces.

He was born about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and early distinguished himself as a wit and fine gentleman—what we now call a man about town. There is good evidence that the young gentleman was "fast." He entered the royal regiment of the Blues,

but sold out, and applied himself to the more congenial occupation of holding the fans of countesses, and playing tric-trac and spadille. He became intimate with Addison, Dick Steele, and other literary men who had then commenced the revolution in English essay writing.

There is a well accredited tradition that young Fairfax wrote one or two numbers of the "Spectator." It was then regarded as a proof of great natural good humor and condescension if a gentleman of noble lineage descended to the task of composing anything that was left to the fraternity of Grub street—to the Johnsons, Drydens, Addisons, and Fieldings. But, for a young lord to write well, was even then considered a feather in his cap, and Fairfax seems to have written well. At least, his essays are not distinguishable from Addison's and Steele's, which is not a small measure of praise. The inventory of books at "Greenway Court," of which I possess a copy, would seem to indicate a somewhat cultivated taste for letters.

Fairfax soon grew tired of the frivolous pursuits of fashion, however, and sought for a wife. He fell deeply in love with a young lady, who received his addresses favorably, and the day was appointed for their marriage. The young man provided himself with the most splendid wardrobe, equipage, and wedding accoutrements—went to bring home Madam, his countess, and found that she had hastily married a ducal coronet, which presented itself just at the crisis. So much for the bridegroom's experience of the fair sex. The issue of his matrimonial enterprise seems to have implanted in the bosom of the young lord a profound misanthropy and disgust for the human species—especially the fairer portion. After his London episode, man did not delight him, "nor woman either." He cast about for the means of exiling himself from the noble circle in which he had so lately shone, and he found them. From his mother, a daughter of Lord Culpeper, he inherited some wild lands in North America, lying between two streams called Potomac and Rappahannock, from mouth to source. He determined to go and see them; and this determination was quickly carried out. Leaving the brilliant countesses, wits, and gallants, and all the splendors of the English court, he came to Virginia, never to leave it any more.

At "Belvoir," the seat of Sir Wm.

Fairfax, on the Potomac, he made the acquaintance of a youth named George Washington, a relative of Lady Fairfax. The nobleman took a great fancy to the youth, told him a hundred stories, and learning that surveying was his favorite pursuit, asked him if he would not like to lay out his lands beyond the Blue Ridge. The result of these conversations, fox-hunts, walks, and talks, with the earl, was the expedition of young Washington, accompanied by Wm. Fairfax, a son of the owner of "Belvoir," beyond the Alleghanies. The young men passed the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap, in March, 1748—forded the Shenandoah, and slept at "my Lord Fairfax's"—that is to say, at Greenway Court. This may be seen from Washington's journal. He was but sixteen, yet all his entries of movements, occurrences, and projects, were as accurate as in after-life. The young surveyor went as far as the south branch of the Potomac—surveying assiduously all the lands, making, sometimes, he says, as much as six pistoles a day—and so returned. This expedition gave to Washington that experience and knowledge which soon afterward procured him the post of lieutenant-commanding at Fort Loudon, Winchester; and his services in the French war, thereafter, proved his fitness for the generalship of the American forces in 1775. Humanly speaking, Lord Fairfax was the secret influence which shaped the whole career of Washington.

The proprietor of these immense tracts of land determined soon afterward to visit the valley. He carried out his intention, built the house called Greenway, and removed thither—never to leave the region again for any length of time, and to die in it. He organized a species of rude, feudal court at this spot in the wilderness—assembled around him a class of companions, or rather dependants, as rude as the bear and panther of the forest—and here, far from the court, surrounded by wild beasts and savages, he serenely passed the remainder of his life. He had a great fondness for hounds and dogs of every description. They slept upon his floors—not seldom upon his rough bed—and ran fawning upon him whenever he moved. His table was profusely spread every day in the year, and all who chose might partake of the rude hospitality. Stories of the border, hunting adventures, dangerous encounters with savages or

panthers, would enliven the time. The man who had ambled foppishly upon his high-heeled shoes in the finest saloons of London—who had exchanged polished satire with the smiling Mr. Addison, and bowed above the jewelled hands of the most beautiful Duchesses—found a life more congenial in the wilderness; a society which interested him far more than that of lords and ladies. His gold lace had yielded to drab and fur—his cocked hat made way for an otter-skin cap; the delicate hand, which had once daintily shuffled the cards at spadille, was now tawny and hard by sunshine and cold, and it grasped a rifle or a knife. He greatly enjoyed rough practical jokes in hunting. If my lord could play a trick upon his fellow huntsman, he was more delighted than if he had played the ace at tric-trac.

But his former tastes had not completely left him. In his library, mixed with guns, fishing rods, deer antlers, and fox tails, were many volumes, of which I would present a list, were it necessary. Among them were the works of Fielding, the "Spectator," with its associate collection of essays, a Peerage, the history of Barbadoes, Common Prayer books, and volumes of Divinity, with many of the classics, in the original. If he grew weary of his rude companions, the nobleman, now gradually growing old, might thus retire to his study, open his "Spectator," and live again in his early life—hear the musical voice of Addison, or the eloquence of Bolingbroke—and read, perhaps, in the essays from his own pen, his own youthful satire upon former manners—on foibles and fashions which had disappeared, and personages who had lain for years in their graves.

He had retained an English chariot also, I am informed by an old gentleman whose father visited Greenway Court late in the century. The visitor went to call on my lord, and met with a splendid coach, drawn by four or six horses, pursuing the same route. Within sat Lord Fairfax, clad richly, and wrapped in a cloak of red velvet, like Richelieu or Mazarin. He was very courteous, but somewhat reserved, said the worthy gentleman. It is probable that this meeting took place on Lord Fairfax's return from the banks of the Potomac, where he chose to appear in a guise befitting his rank and position. In the valley, however, he was a plain hunter. He was also a good citi-

zen. He filled, ably, the post of Lieutenant of Frederick county, which was then almost a principality, and many of his summonses to the militia are still extant, in his own handwriting.

In person the master of Greenway Court was tall, gaunt, bony, and with a cast in the eye. But all the authorities agree that his society was extremely attractive. He possessed the talent of relating anecdotes admirably, and he knew many, referring to celebrated personages of Queen Anne's reign. The great disappointment of his life seems to have soured an otherwise amiable disposition, and driven him to the solitudes of the great Valley—but he still retained many of the most attractive traits of the scholar, the man of society, and the courteous gentleman. He died in 1782, soon after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. When he heard of that event he was in Winchester. It seemed to strike him as a blow strikes. He laid down the paper containing the intelligence, beckoned to his old body servant, and leaning on his arm, muttered, "Take me to bed, Joe; it is time for me to die!" He did not long survive the shock.

It was indeed time for the old nobleman to retire from an arena upon which he no longer saw anything but disgrace, defeat, mortification. The harsh storm of the Revolution beat too violently for his enfeebled nerves—the rude blast made him tremble like a yellow leaf on the bough, and when the climax of the hurricane at Yorktown came to him, he was borne away, and disappeared. What days must those have been for him—the days succeeding Yorktown! What a wondrous world of thought must he have lived in—what a tumult of memories, agitations, and regrets! He had been born a nobleman, and had shone at Court—he was dying amid the wilds of the New World, in another age, which had completely forgotten the days of his youth. He had trained a young surveyor, a boy of sixteen, on whose curling head his hand had often been affectionately laid; and now that boy was general-in-chief of the American army—the conqueror of the stout and hardy Cornwallis—the prime agent in humbling the power of England in America—the Father of his Country—the foremost man of all this world! That was the boy whom he had once known—a splendid figure, covered with the dazzling light of glory—the object of all eyes

—the pride and joy of a great nation; and he, Thomas Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, a noble of the land, thus humbled, was dying in obscurity and loneliness! Truly, it was time for him to die!

But Lord Fairfax cannot be forgotten. His influence on the life of George Washington was immense, and thus his name is riveted in the Pantheon of history by chains of adamant. As a mere English nobleman, he would have long since passed into complete oblivion; as lord-proprietor of the "Northern Neck" and the great tracts beyond the mountain, his name might have lingered for a time, to be forgotten, however, in a few generations; but he was more than an English nobleman—more than lord-proprietor of this magnificent principality. He was the friend of a young surveyor—but that young surveyor was named George Washington. From him, Lord Fairfax derives his importance. The star of his life revolved for a time beside that august planet, and the light thence borrowed shines in our eyes to-day. The representative of a proud English name is only remembered for his connection with a Virginia boy.

These two figures moved together, side-by-side, here at "Greenway Court"—the old man and the youth—the noble and the mere gentleman—the monarchist and the republican. The future was to hold strange secrets, but the veil was not yet drawn from the face of the great drama—that drama which, commencing on the heights of Boston, was to end amid the roar of cannon on the banks of the Chesapeake. Let us lose sight, however, of all this long procession of mighty events; of disastrous reverses and resplendent triumphs.

Let us revive the figures of the past, while that is possible. The cracked bells in the belfries sound no more; but, as you leave the spot, they seem to ring again a merry peal or a stern alarm from the haunted land of the far border past! Lord Fairfax strides across the green, surrounded by his rude companions in the chase—his deer hounds run to lick his hands and struggle for his rough caresses; and yonder, rapidly approaching from beneath the heavy foliage of the forest, weary with a long day's work, and glad to get back to the hospitable roof, you may see the graceful figure and honest face of young George Washington.